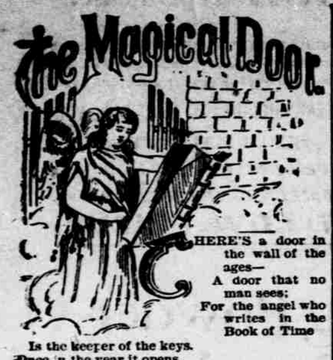


HERE'S a door in the wall of the ages—
A door that no man sees;
For the angel who writes in the Book of Time
Is the keeper of the keys.
Once in the year it opens,
At the solemn midnight hour,
When the children sleep, and the old clocks keep
Awake in the tall church tower.

And then, as it swings on its hinges,
Whoever might peer inside
Would catch a glimpse of the centuries
That behind in the silence hide.
Egypt and Rome and Tyre,
All in that mythical place
Where the old years rest that were once possessed
By the wonderful human race.

The shadowy door swings open,
And a pilgrim enters in,
Bowed with a twelve-months' struggle
In this world of strife and sin.
Waft him a farewell greeting!
He will pass no more this way—
This weary year who must disappear
In the haven of yesterday.

The door still swingeth open,
And outward another comes,
With a stir of banners and bugles
And the beat of friendly drums;
His hands are full of beauty—
The cluster, the song, the sheaf,
The snow-flake's wing, and the budding spring,
And the foam on the crested reef.

This is the New Year, darlings,
Oh! haste to give him cheer.
Only the Father knoweth
The whole of his errand here.
This is the New Year, darlings;
A year for work and play,
For doing our best, and for trusting the rest
To the Maker of night and day.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.

[Original.]

BESSIE FOWLER, her pretty face glowing with exercise, was riding home, her lap full of packages which she had purchased at the country store six miles distant.

It was the last day of December, and a lovely afternoon. There was no snow on the prairies of southern Kansas to welcome in the New Year to begin on the morrow. Cattle fed on the wild grass, and red birds flitted gleefully among the sunflower stalks that lined the roadside.

Suddenly Bessie became aware of the approach of a horseman across the prairie to her sight. Something in the manner of his riding told her who it was, and a warm flush spread itself over her fair face.

"Good morning, Bessie," he greeted her, reining his horse in by the side of her pony, and looking the love which he could not conceal.

"Good morning, Tom," she returned, somewhat confused under his beaming gaze—"I—I mean Mr. Hartley," she quickly corrected herself.

"Let it be 'Tom,' as it used to be," he pleaded.

"If it wasn't for that old fuss," she returned.

"Bother that old fuss! We needn't keep that up between us if our dads do," he laughed. "There's no sense in it, and it's time they turned that old leaf down. But if they don't it's New Year's to-morrow, Bessie, and we'll begin a new one on our own account. I'm bound to win you."

But the girl's face looked uneasy, and she strove to change the subject.

"When did you get home, Mr. Hartley?"

"Only this morning, Miss Fowler," imitating her formality. "And behold how I am repaid for my devotion. Hang the 'Mr. Hartley!'"

"Oh, Tom!"

"That sounds better, if the tone were only more cheerful. See here! I'm going to ride back with you to Big Elm, and have a talk with your father."

Bessie, knowing her father as she did, might have warned Tom of the uselessness of such an interview. But he was so handsome, so much improved by the two years spent in a northern college, from which he had just returned; then what girl does not possess sufficient faith in her lover to believe him capable of accomplishing whatever he undertakes, even to the storming of an obdurate parent's heart?

So, side by side, the young couple rode away together toward Big Elm, an isolated country post office, kept by Bessie's father. Here, twice a week, the scattered settlers and cattlemen of that region received their mail, which was carried from a little railway station thirty-seven miles to the east.

Tom Hartley, a handsome, manly fellow of twenty-four, just home from a good college, was the son of a prosperous ranchman, who lived nearly eight miles from Big Elm. Time had been when his and Bessie's fathers were famous friends. As boys they had grown up on adjoining farms in Illinois. When men they had married playmates, two lovely girls, and with their families had come to Kansas. They had formed a partnership in the cattle business, and for several years they had prospered reasonably well. Mrs. Fowler and Mrs. Hartley were on terms of the most sisterly intimacy. Tom and Bessie went to the same little dug-out school, and laid the foundation of a lasting attachment, which strengthened with the years that brought the rancher's boy to noble manhood, and the girl to winsome womanhood.

Then had come the disagreement. Fowler had grown tired of the cattle business and wished his partner to buy him out. At last Hartley consented, but in the settlement there was some trifling mistake made. It was in Hartley's favor, and Fowler had accused his friend of trying to cheat him. It is a very small thing which may plant the perverse seeds of discord in hearts that have long been united. Hartley was a man of quick temper and had warmly denied the charge. A quarrel had followed, and the families once so friendly were soon separated by a bitter estrangement.

Once, however, after he had cooled down and went over the business transaction carefully, Hartley saw the mistake, which was one of only a few dollars. He had hastened to Fowler to right the error, but the postmaster had obstinately refused to accept any apology or amendment. Too proud to sue again for a reconciliation, Hartley had walked away with an injured air. A three years' estrangement had followed.

The postmaster of Big Elm was watching from the window of his cabin as the young couple rode into the yard and halted.

"Say, mother," he cried, with sudden excitement, "ain't that young Tom Hartley out there with Bess?"

Kind-faced Mrs. Fowler looked over her husband's shoulder from the window and surveyed the handsome young fellow who was in the act of assisting Bessie to dismount.

"Why, I do believe it is Tom," she returned. "How handsome he's grown to be!"

"Handsome, the dickens!" and he strode toward the door angrily. "I'll pay him for his impudence in ridin' with our Bess."

Flinging the door open he faced Bessie's escort with an angry flash in his eyes.

"I don't ask any odds of any Hartley," he said, gruffly, brushing Tom aside. "I can help my own gal off her pony."

"Father!" mildly remonstrated Mrs. Fowler from the doorway.

"I mean it!" he went on, rudely dragging Bess from her saddle. "Now you go in the cabin and stay there, Bess, and *you*," to Tom, "get on your beast and ride back to your dad's ranch. I ain't goin' to have you hangin' 'round here, fillin' my gal's head full o' nonsense."

Bess staggered into her mother's arms, and hid her burning face on that sympathetic breast. Tom Hartley's indignation was aroused against the old man, but by a great effort he controlled himself to speak calmly:

"See here, Mr. Fowler, what's the sense in letting your old misunderstanding with father separate Bessie and me? I love her truly, and I believe I could make her very happy," Tom went on, fearlessly. "It's New Year's to-morrow, and I think you and father had better bury that old fuss and be friends again. He's willing if you are. It would make Mrs. Fowler and mother happy, I know. Come, begin the New Year with all the old disputes and dislikes cast away, and let Bessie and me enjoy an unclouded happiness."

"New Year's be hanged!" replied Fowler, admiring Tom Hartley's spirit, although he was resolved to be unrelenting. "You can tell your father I ain't willing to make up if he is. I ain't forgot all he said, and I'd just as lief begin my calendar of the New Year with that old fuss as with anything else. Ride on, and don't come back to Big Elm any more. You can't have Bess, and you're not needed here," and, pushing his wife and daughter into the cabin, he shut the door almost in Tom's face.

Stinging with indignation, the young fellow mounted his horse and rode away. As he passed the window he had a brief glimpse of pretty Bess crying her dark eyes red on her mother's shoulder. The sight almost maddened him, and he felt disposed to ride back, force an entrance, and carry her away from "that unreasonable ogre," her father.

"But who knows?" he communed with himself. "The New Year may bring about something for Bessie and me. No need to make the fuss worse, if I haven't done so already. Maybe the old man will cool off a little. I'll wait and see," and he rode on.

Then he began calling his father and the postmaster at Big Elm rather unpleasant names for being so foolish as to allow a slight mistake to cause such a disruption of friendship. Why couldn't folks exercise more sense, more dispassion in the affairs of business? It would save so much trouble if they only would.

The sun had set. Darkness was settling over the prairie, and the stars were beginning to appear here and there in the blue vault above him. But, unheeding the lateness, Tom Hartley rode on, he cared not where. He was in no mood to go home, and, as a kind of reaction of the condemnation he had been showering out, his heart became heavy, and he began to entertain apprehensions of his ever being able to win Bessie Fowler.

It was growing chilly, so he spurred his horse into a reckless gallop. This rate of travel suited him better, and he let the spirited animal go as fast as he pleased.

They had just entered some low, woody bluffs along a stream, when the horse caught one of its forefeet in a deep rut and stumbled, flinging its rider violently to the rocky ground.

Frightened at its own mishap, the horse extricated himself and went tearing off across the prairie, leaving its master where he had fallen.

Tom Hartley was too stunned to move for several minutes. When he did at last attempt to rise he realized that his right arm was badly sprained.

But congratulating himself on having escaped worse injury, he started toward the stream, resolved to refresh himself with a sup of water, then hurry to the ranch, where he knew the return of his horse without its rider would create alarm.

He was picking his way around a bluff when voices suddenly attracted his attention.

Two men were earnestly engaged in conversation not ten feet from where he halted.

He was about to pass on when he heard them pronounce a certain name. This determined him to listen, and, slipping into a dark niche of the bluff, Tom Hartley overheard the following dialogue:

"So Old Fowler never mistrusted the message wasn't O. K?"

"No, I worked it slick. You see he owes Mr. Gray for money loaned him to pay off his mortgage, and when I told him that Gray wanted to see him at once on important business, he racked right out on his pony without asking me another question."

"Then there's nobody at Big Elm but the old woman and gal?"

"That's all. It'll take old Fowler till after midnight to get to Gray's, and by that time we'll have that registered letter in our own paws."

"How did you find out Old Tompson had a registered letter at Big Elm?"

"From his cow puncher, Rum Charley. We're good friends, and I met Charley as he was riding back from Big Elm this afternoon. He was swearin' high at Old Fowler for not lettin' him have a registered letter that had just come in for the boss. Fowler said he'd deliver it into no hands except Tompson's own. He wouldn't accept Rum Charley's receipt for it, and that's what made him so mad. It's an important letter, containin' one thousand dollars from Hepley's bank in payment of a check old Tompson had there."

"Maybe Old Tompson will post right over to Big Elm this evenin' for his letter."

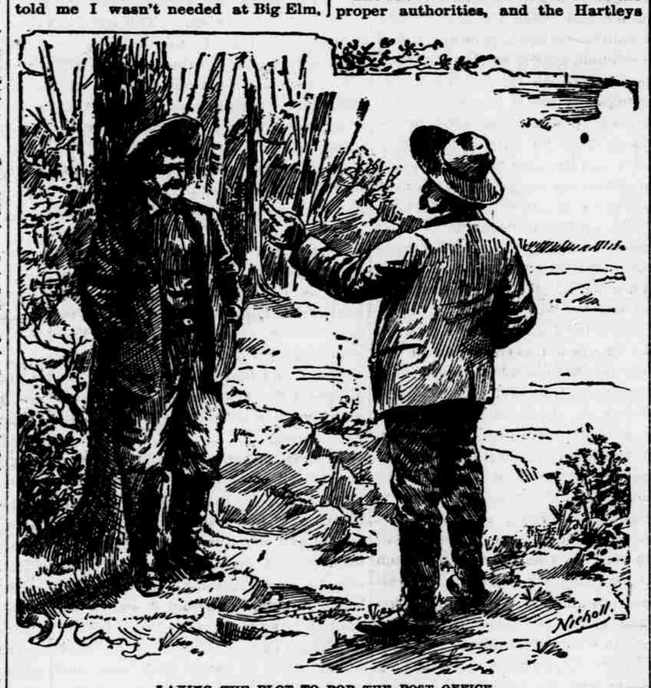
"Bother, man! Old Tompson's away from the ranch and won't be home for two days. I got everything straight from Charley. A half pint of brandy in my pocket did the work. The money's at Big Elm, Old Fowler's on his way to Gray's, and all we've got to do is to help ourselves."

"But what if the women give us trouble?"

"We'll wait till they're in bed, before we raid the post office. I know the ground well. It'll be easy enough, but if Bess and the old woman give us bother, I know how to silence them. Come on over to the cabin, Pete. We'll need something to brace us up. The night's gettin' cold."

So the plotters walked away, leaving Tom to digest as well as he could what he had heard.

"The post office to be robbed!" he repeated to himself, as he crept cautiously away from the bluff. "Fowler summoned off by a false message, and Bessie and her mother alone! He told me I wasn't needed at Big Elm,



LAYING THE PLOT TO ROB THE POST OFFICE.

but I rather think I am now, and as I'm nearly five miles away I haven't a minute to spare," and, despite the pain in his arm, Tom walked briskly away across the prairie.

He recognized in the leader of the plotters Dave Mowley, a new settler of questionable character, who had a small cabin near those bluffs. By some few persons he was secretly suspected of having some connection with an outlaw gang of Indian Territory; but he had managed to keep up a semblance of respectability by working part of his time for Gray, a wealthy stockman, some twenty miles from Big Elm.

"Mowley has appeared in his true character at last," Tom remarked, as he hurried along toward Fowler's cabin. "But I'll foil him."

Then he remembered his injured right arm. He could not use his revolver easily with his left hand. What was he to do?

"I'll prove a poor match against those two villains, my arm this way," he said. "There's not a house along this trail where I can stop for help, and it's too far to go home and tell them. The least delay now is dangerous. I must save Bessie or die in the attempt."

Bessie Fowler was putting out the light, preparatory to retiring, when a gentle rap on the window-pane startled her.

"Oh, Tom! What's the matter?"

"Hush! Don't alarm your mother yet. Let me into the kitchen at once."

She quickly complied. As she closed the door behind him, she cried:

"Oh, Tom! Is something wrong with father?"

"He's all right, I believe, only gone on a false errand."

"False errand! What do you mean, Tom?"

"No matter. Is there a valuable letter in the post office for Ranchman Tompson?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You must be brave, Bessie, and help me. Mowley and another villain will make a raid on the post office to-night to get possession of it," and he briefly related the plot of the robbers whom he had overheard.

"What can we do?" said the girl, with white face. "We're so far from all aid, and your arm hurt that way—"

"Never fear, Bessie; we'll baffle them some way. Let us go into the post office. I want to take some notes."

The post office of Big Elm was kept in a room which had once been used as the Fowler kitchen. A long table surmounted with a box divided off into rude pigeon holes for holding the mail stood in one corner. The table had one large drawer, which contained the postal supplies and all valuable letters coming to or leaving the office.

The room had only one window, while just beneath it was a large trap-door, leading into the cellar. Tom received an idea.

"Bessie, is the outside cellar door locked?"

"Yes; securely."

"Well, you take Tompson's letter and all the stamps and hide them in your room. See that all the windows are secured, then put out the lights and get quiet. I'll stay here."

Half-way to Gray's ranch, Fowler met one of the cowboys who told him that Mr. Gray was not at home. Guessing at once that he was the victim of a false message, he rode frantically back to Big Elm.

It was nearly midnight, and a dim light burning in the post office assured him that something must be wrong.

Jumping from his horse, he flung the door wide open, and stood staring at the unexpected picture that met his gaze.

Tom Hartley, with his right arm in a sling, sat on a table, which had been placed directly over the trap-door. Bessie with her father's trusty Winchester stood beside him. Strange, muttered curses came from the cellar.

"Tom Hartley! You here?" cried the postmaster, recovering his speech.

"Yes; I thought I was needed, so I came," Tom answered.

"What does it mean? I feared something was wrong."

"Some villains tried to rob the post office, but I have them trapped," and Tom pointed significantly toward the cellar.

In as few words as he could use Tom related to Fowler how he had overheard the plot, and how he had hastened to the cabin and prepared things for the reception of the robbers, sending them headlong through the trap-door the minute they had entered through the window.

"Tom," and the old man's voice was husky as he grasped Tom's left hand, "you've saved us. I haven't words to thank you. But it's all right. See!" and he pointed to the old clock on the wall. It was ready to strike twelve, the midnight hour. "The Old Year's dying; let the old fuss die with it."

"Amen!" said Tom and Bess together, as their hands joined.

And the old bitterness passed out with the Old Year, and the dawn of the New smiled upon the revival of the old friendly feeling between the Hartleys and the Fowlers.

The robbers were turned over to the proper authorities, and the Hartleys came over to Big Elm to celebrate the reconciliation by partaking of a good old-fashioned New Year's dinner with the postmaster's family.

"Accordin' to my thinking," said Fowler, carving the wild turkey browned to a turn, "folks who keep nursing old fusses throws away lots of golden time to do good to each other."

AD. H. GIBSON.

POOR PROSPECTS.

"Why not be a good boy all this week, Robbie?"

"'Twon't pay, sis. Didn't I hear papa tell mamma Christmas had flattened out his pocketbook so'st he couldn't do much in the way of New Year's presents? So what's the use tryin'?"

THE OPENING YEAR.

Your hand, New Year, since we must comrades be
Through the strange circles of the seasons four!
Plodding in lonely paths 'mid drifting snow
When days are dark, and whirling tempests roar,
Will your strong guiding arm be 'round me pressed?
And when the ice bars melt, and warm blue streams
Laugh in the sun, and leap toward the sea,
Will you, then, share my happy spring time dreams—
The waking songs that birds and poets know?
And when red roses burn on bended sprays,
And lovers roam through shadowy woodland ways,
Will you keep kindly pace? And last when brown
Lie the sweet fields, and faded leaves come down,
And we are tired, both, and fain to rest—
Will you be friends with me, still true and near?
Then take my hand and heart, dear comrade year.
—Madeline S. Bridges, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Between the Years.

A minute's pause, while o'er the face of night
A solemn silence reigns, and far and near
A million tongues are hushed, ere wings of flight
The spirit of the old and dying year.

A moment's pause, and on the city's heart
A pall has fallen, and a muffled bell
Proclaims the hour of midnight as the dart
Of Time descends—then dies the old year's knell.

Then, clanging wildly to the listening ear,
From spire and steeple comes the joyous peal
Of bells that welcome in the infant year,
Fraught with the wish of happiness and weal;
And, ere the shades of night again descend,
The spoken wish has passed from friend to friend.
—Walter Sedwin, in Once a Week.

—Maid Servant—"Professor! oh, professor! just think, I have swallowed a pin!" Absent-Minded Professor—"Never mind, here is another one."—Fliegende Blatter.

THE PRESIDENT'S THEORY.

Why Protection Has Defeated the Republican Party.

There has naturally been a good deal of curiosity as to the president's theory of the result of the election. This curiosity is now gratified by the publication of the following extract from the letter which Mr. Harrison recently wrote to ex-Gov. Cheney, of New Hampshire, in notifying him of his selection as minister to Switzerland:

"I was a leader imprisoned, and, save from the little visit to Mr. Reid, I knew or thought but little about it. Protection has failed because the wage-earner has refused to share his shelter with the manufacturer. He would not even walk under the same umbrella."

Mr. Harrison rather prides himself upon his capacity for phrase-making, and he doubtless considers this umbrella simile one of his happiest hits in that line. We are glad to be able to say that we entirely agree with the president in his analysis of the causes of the result. It is, in our opinion, absolutely correct.

The theory of McKinley protection is that the manufacturer draws money from the taxpayers of the country for the purpose of distributing it among his employes. According to this theory the aim of the system is to secure for the wage-earner higher wages than he could otherwise get, these higher wages being paid him by the manufacturer as the agent of the government. In other words, protection is designed to afford "shelter" to the employe through the interposition of a benevolent manufacturer. This is evidently Mr. Harrison's understanding of the theory on which the McKinley law was framed, and the president interprets the theory correctly.

When the president says that "the wage-earner has refused to share his shelter with the manufacturer," and that "he would not even walk under the same umbrella," he attempts to state epigrammatically the prosaic fact that the employe has rejected the whole theory of protection and does not want to hear any more of it. Ever since Mr. Cleveland sent his famous message to congress five years ago the wage-earner has been considering this subject. He has had preached to him, in the most eloquent language, the beauties of this theory that his employer stands to him in the relation of a beneficent divinity, who is devoted first of all to the interests of his employes and whose constant aim is to give them the largest possible share of the money which the government takes from the people at large and gives him for the purpose of such distribution. He has had five years to consider the soundness of the theory and to observe the practical workings of the system, in his own case and in a multitude of others.

He has pondered upon the famous "fat" circular, in which a "republican United States senator" was quoted as authority for the statement that "the manufacturers get practically the sole benefit of the tariff laws," and that they "make large fortunes every year." He had seen the largest of these fortunes made by the greatest of these manufacturers, and then has noted how this theoretically beneficent divinity reduced the wages of his Homestead employes in order to maintain the regular scale of his own profits. He has observed, as Mr. Powderly remarked in his North American Review article, that in discussions on the tariff laws in congress it was never advanced as a reason why they should be passed that capital would be protected—the argument always was that "labor should be protected;" and he has reached Mr. Powderly's conclusion that, while "our government has enacted protective legislation in the interest of labor," it "quiescently allows the manufacturer to absorb the bulk of protection." And because of all this he has decided that the theory is wrong, and that he does not want any more of it.

Protection has failed because its alleged beneficiaries have made up their minds that they were not benefited. They had been taught that this was a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." The attempt was made to persuade them that the McKinley theory of a government of the manufacturer, by the manufacturer, for the wage-earner, would be an improvement upon the Lincoln ideal. They have tried it, and they have decided that "it will not work." They do not want any more "shelter" of this sort.

The failure of protection, which Mr. Harrison confesses, has always been inevitable. It was only necessary that the attention of the people should be concentrated upon the matter to insure such a verdict as has been rendered. The radical trouble with the theory on which it was based is that it offends common sense. The idea that the Carnegies ought to be the source of "shelter" to the wage-earners, and that the interest of the wage-earners would be their chief concern, was too much for human nature long to stand. It has failed, and it can never be revived.—N. Y. Post.

THE PLAN OF REFORM.

Democrats Will Decrease Duties to Increase Revenues.

The attempt is made in some quarters to create the impression that differences of opinion have already arisen between Mr. Cleveland and his party over the plan of tariff reform. No such differences exist. All democrats are now agreed that a general reform bill should be introduced as soon as possible after the assembling of the congress elect and urged to passage at once. The plan of separate reform bills has served its purpose. When the democrats control both houses there is no further occasion for separate bills.

There is no question, either, between Mr. Cleveland and his party as to percentages. All are agreed that a democratic tariff must yield the largest possible revenue with the least possible restriction. As the Reed congress increased duties to lower the revenue, so democrats will decrease duties to increase the revenue.

While some democrats and most educated people who have no special interest in restrictive taxation believe in the theory of free trade, there are some democrats who believe in a higher tariff for the present than others are willing to admit as justifiable. But there will be no division on this account. The demand of the financial as of the political situation is for the abolition of prohibitive and restrictive duties; for a revision which will reduce all duties to the revenue basis. Every duty levied must allow the fullest possible importations consistent with the highest possible revenue. When we have such an enormous annual expense of pensions to meet it is absolutely essential to open the custom house gates as wide as possible, that larger importations may produce larger revenues.

Democrats may not succeed at once in getting the tariff low enough to suit them, but they will certainly get it lower than in thirty years.—St. Louis Republic.

REPUBLICAN MULISHNESS.

Fanaticism of the Repudiated McKinleyites.

Some of the prominent leaders of the republican party assert that their organization does not propose to swerve a hair's breadth from the policy it has adopted respecting McKinleyism, but that it is going to wait to take advantage of the inevitable reaction which must set in. There is a fine flavor of consistency in this position; but it exhibits in a striking manner the want of political sagacity on the part of those who take it. There are some things toward which a reaction can never set in. We are not aware that when the slaves were freed there was a reaction in favor of slavery. In fact, it has been our belief that the anti-slavery feeling has all the time increased in intensity, and that it would have been more and more impossible, as time went on, for public opinion to have reacted against this one great meritorious proceeding on the part of the then representatives of the republican party.

We think the same remark would hold true concerning McKinleyism. If within the next two years a radical change is made in our tariff system, and has given to it the opportunity for practical realization, the effect upon the country will be to ask for more changes. Instead of crying out for a restoration of McKinleyism that policy will be held in greater detestation than ever before. We say this with all confidence, for the reason that experience here and elsewhere fully justifies the statement. The tariff of 1846, our alleged free-trade tariff, was much more popular in 1850 and the years following than it was at the time it was enacted.

When Sir Robert Peel succeeded in abolishing the corn tax and other protective taxes in England, he had in his support but an exceedingly meager majority of the representatives in parliament, and it is questionable whether a general vote in the country would have accorded to him a popular majority. But after a short experience of the tremendous benefits that resulted from freer trade exchange, the English manufacturers and merchants and the wage earners of all kinds instantly realized that the change proposed had been of great advantage, and that to go back to the old order of things would lead to inevitable loss.

Considering that more than half of what was the republican party is openly or secretly dissatisfied with McKinleyism, and that the rebuke of 1890 has been reaffirmed in 1892, it would be good party policy for the republican leaders to endeavor, by abandoning false positions, to put themselves in a condition to appeal successfully to the voters of this country. If, however, they wish to remain bourbons, to face the sunset, and permit others to gain the advantage arising from new opportunities, that is their lookout. So far as the democratic leaders are concerned, they have no cause for regret at finding their political rivals so completely blinded by prejudice.—Boston Herald.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

——Cleveland's official plurality in New York is 45,449. Republicans have concluded not to contest.—St. Paul Globe.

——"The tariff law is now old enough to talk for itself," said Mr. McKinley the day before election. And how it did talk!—Chicago Times.

——When Mr. Cleveland becomes president again he will find that there are 24,132 more officeholders than there were when he left the white house in 1889.—Chicago Herald.

——Cleveland carried California by a plurality of 152 over Harrison—counting the highest vote for an elector on either ticket. The lowest candidate for elector on the democratic ticket is defeated by the highest on the republican ticket. Harrison's plurality four years ago was over 7,000. California is all right—almost.—N. Y. World.

——The republicans seem bound to leave the democrats nothing to receipt for when they assume charge of the United States treasury. It is some time since the victors so efficaciously cleaned up the spoils as did the present administration. If they'll only leave clean balances, however, Mr. Cleveland is amply able to look out for the future. He has demonstrated his financial ability before.—Chicago Times.

——During the last twenty years the United States has given away hundreds of thousands of farms to settlers. In the same time the rents of English farms have been $385,000,000 more than the value of the produce. Yet the republican party has not altogether given up its attempt to persuade the American farmer that his greater prosperity over that of the British farmer is due to McKinleyism!—Albany Argus.

——Mr. Cleveland, appealing straight to the people, in the plain language which the people recognize as their own, has been heard with joy in every corner of the land. He promises them to do his utmost to bring the conduct of their government back to that simplicity and economy of its founders which have always been the objects of their reverence. In his mouth "Jeffersonian simplicity" is something more than a catchword—it is a pledge and a public creed.—N. Y. Post.

——The democratic senatorial steering committee has decided to let the knavish republican plots work themselves out in Montana, Wyoming, Kansas and Nebraska. A mine will be exploded under the conspirators at the proper time, and the further they are allowed to go with their plot, short of actual success, the more certainly do they insure their own destruction. Let them steal these states, and the states will hereafter give democratic majorities so pronounced as to leave no room for fine work.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

——Mr. Cleveland is right. There is nothing shabby in thrift and economy either of public or of private resources. That we may be a free we must be a frugal people. That all may have equal chance for independence the practices of thrift must not be thwarted by the granting of advantages to one citizen denied another. The citizens of a republic founded on justice and discarding as base a policy of paternalism destructive of individual self-respect and independence need no other than such reasonable inducement to bind them in loyal devotion to their government.—Chicago Times.

"YOUR chairs look so colloquial," said a visitor to her hostess the other day; "they really seem to beg your guests to sit down coolly and chat in comfort together."—Boston Transcript.

DIMLING—"Why did you leave the lecture platform, Larkin?" Larkin—"Well I was egged on to that step."—Life.

IT isn't the man who blows most who finds it the easiest to raise the wind.—Cape Cod Item.

WHEN a boy is smart there is a question whether he gets it from her folks or his people.—Atchison Globe.

A GREAT many who try to set the prodigal son find too late that they have acted the calf instead.—Atchison Globe.

PEOPLE who cling to the anchor of hope often have to go down into the mud with it.—Puck.

SOCIETY Chit-Chat.—She—"So you are no longer abroad?" He—"Er-No. Are you?"—Life.

NOT necessarily after a bird—the man who goes out for a lark.—Brooklyn Eagle.